

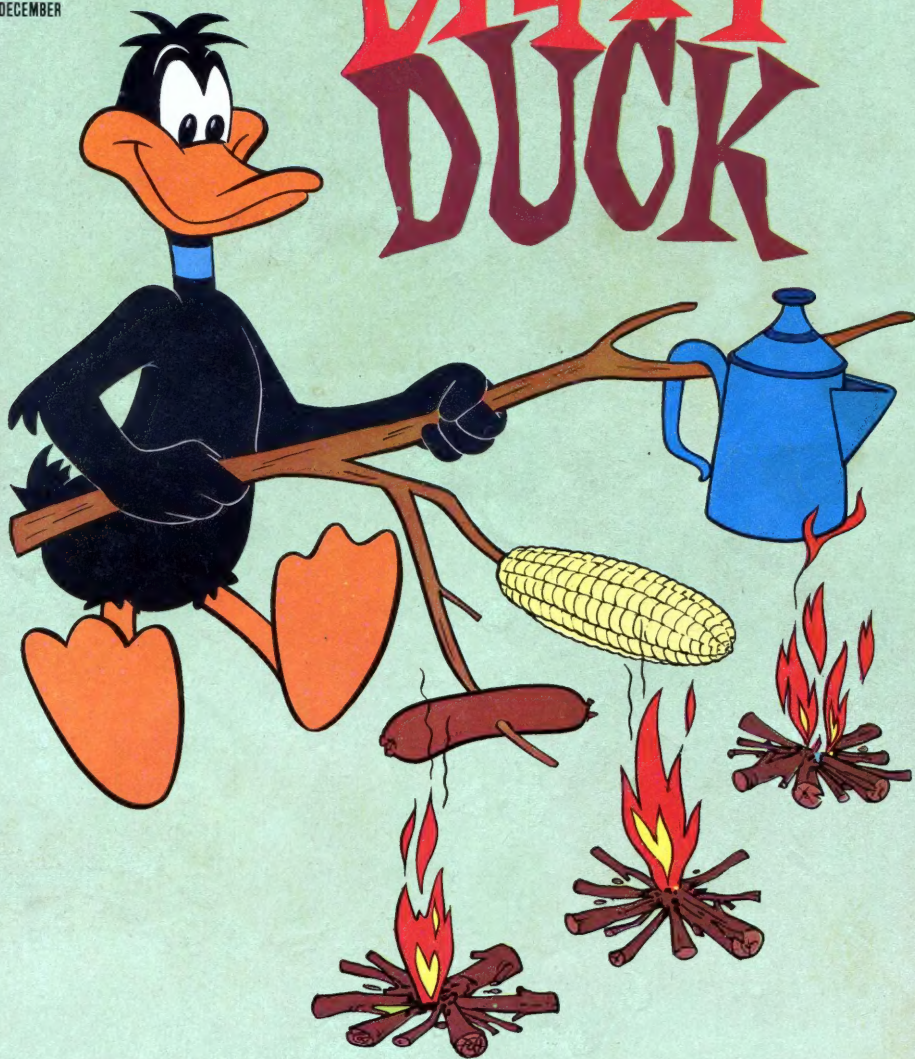
GOLD  
KEY

DAFFY DUCK

NOW ONLY 12c

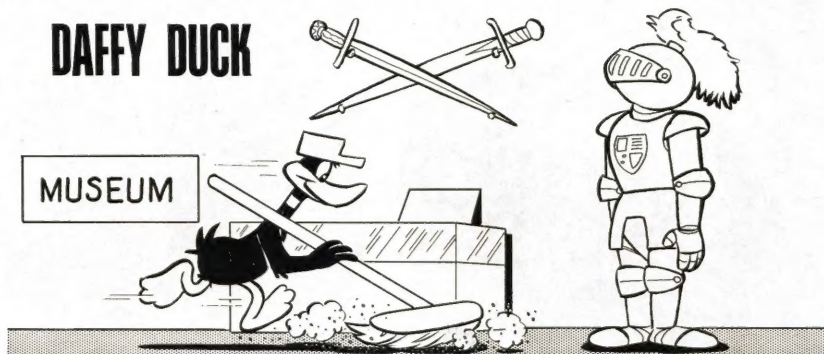
10029-212  
DECEMBER

# DAFFY DUCK



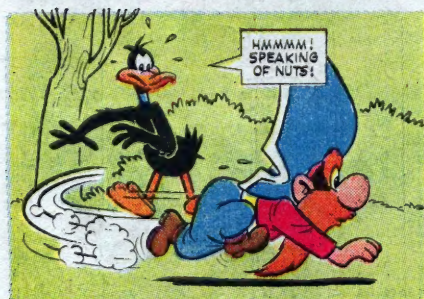
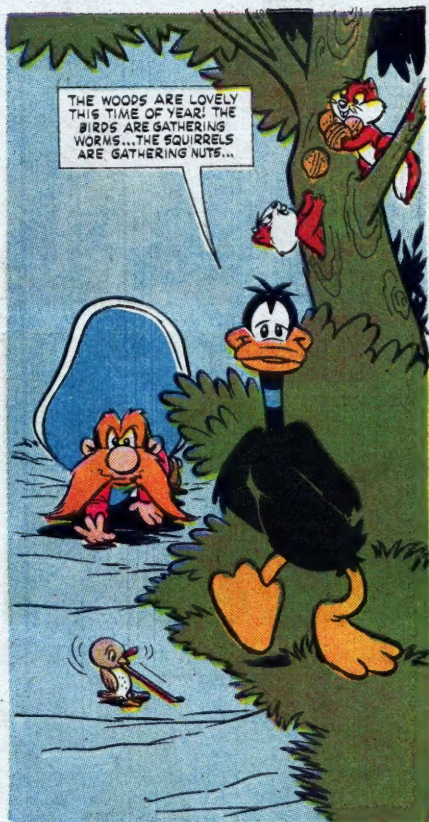
# DAFFY DUCK

MUSEUM





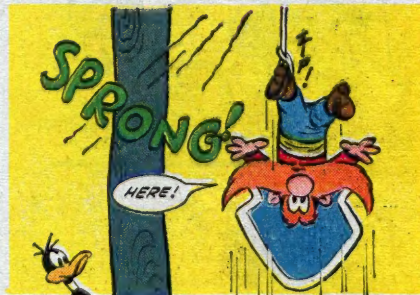
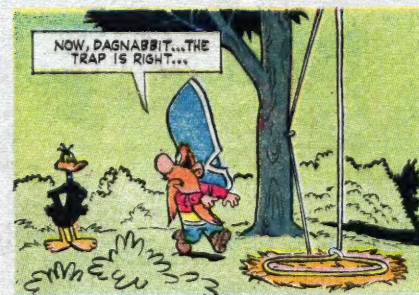
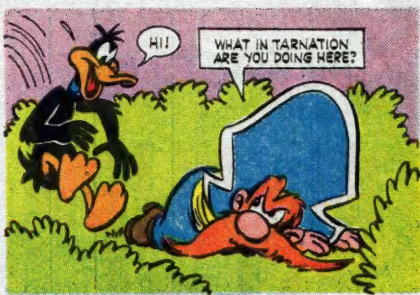
# DAFFY DUCK ANOTHER NUT IN THE WOODS



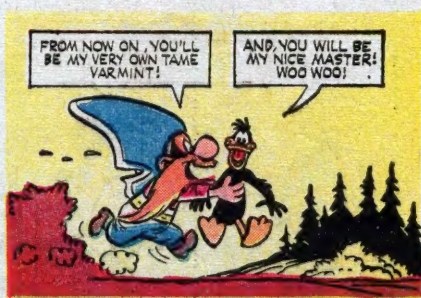
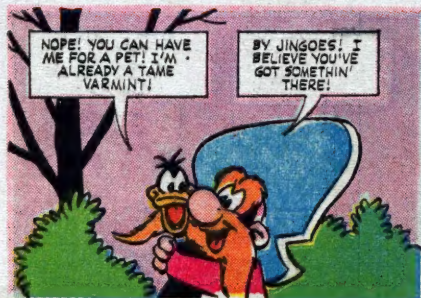
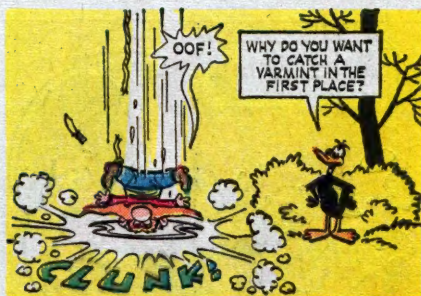
POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to K.K. Publications, Inc., Poughkeepsie, New York.  
DAFFY DUCK, No. 31, December, 1962. Published quarterly by K.K. Publications, Inc., Poughkeepsie, New York, in cooperation with Golden Press, Inc. Second-class postage paid at Poughkeepsie, New York. Subscription price in the U.S.A. 45c per year; foreign subscriptions 75c per year; Canadian subscriptions 60c per year. All rights reserved throughout the world. Authorized edition. Designed, produced and printed in the U.S.A. by Western Printing & Lithographing Co. Copyright © 1962, by Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

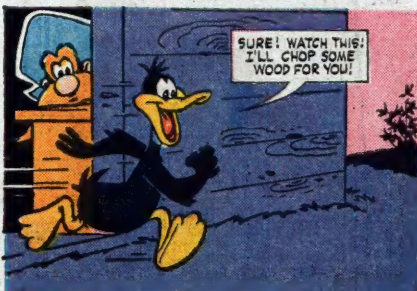
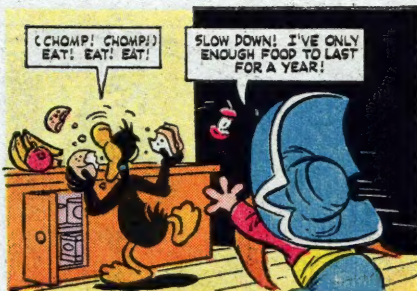




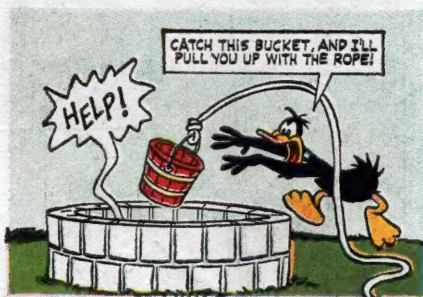
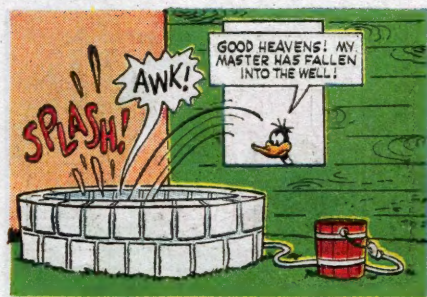
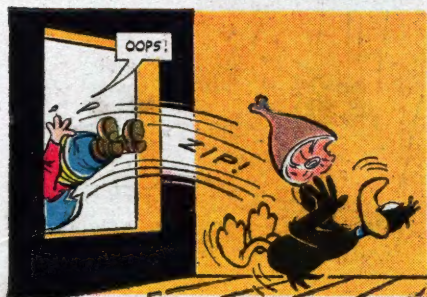
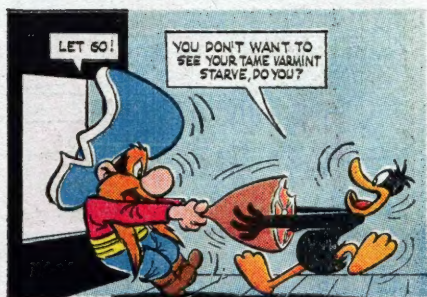
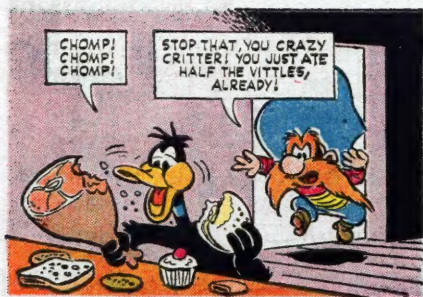




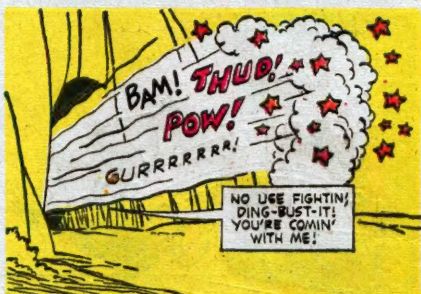
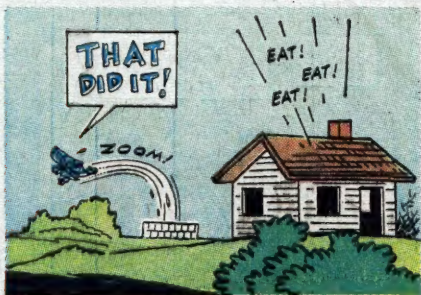








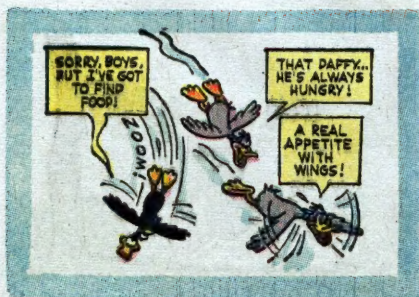
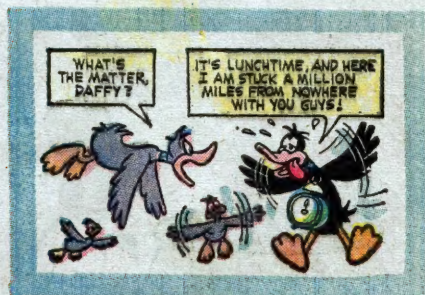




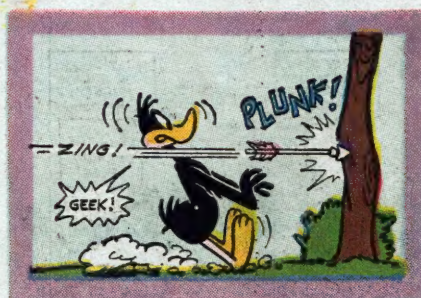
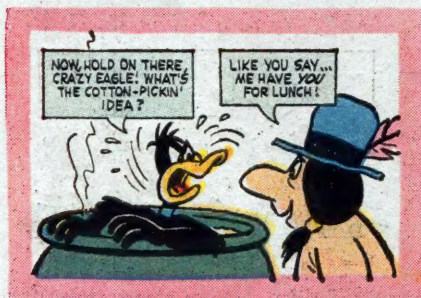
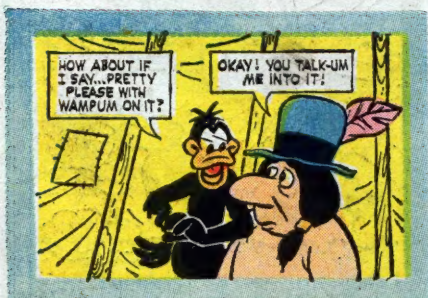
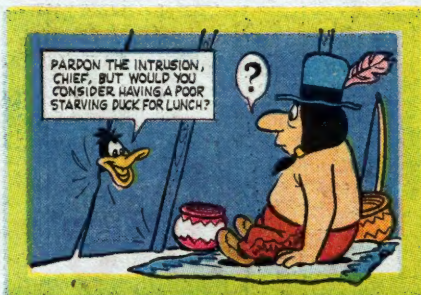


DAFFY DUCK

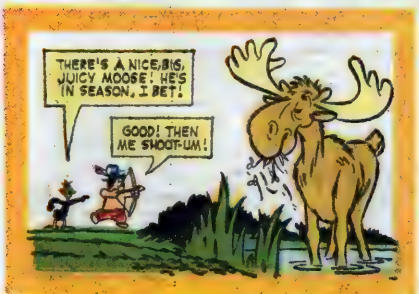
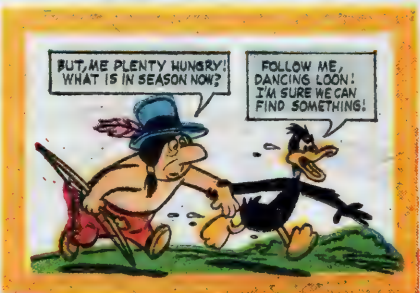
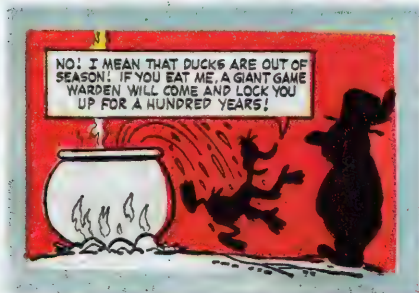
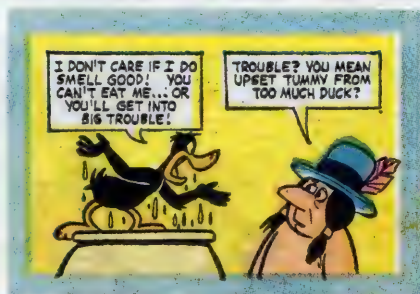
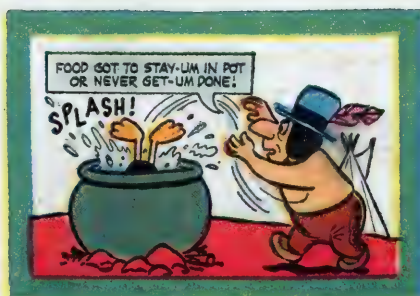
# COMING IN ON A WING- DING



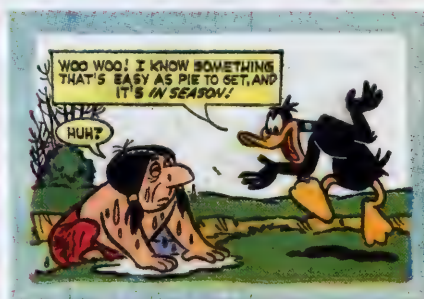
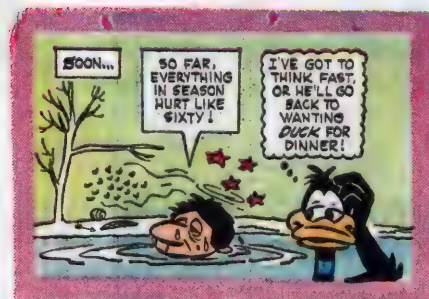
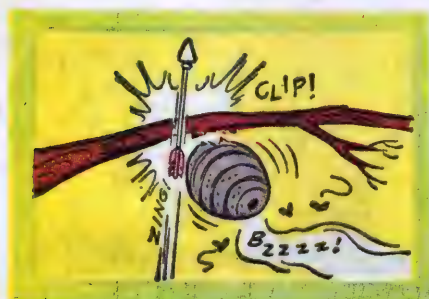
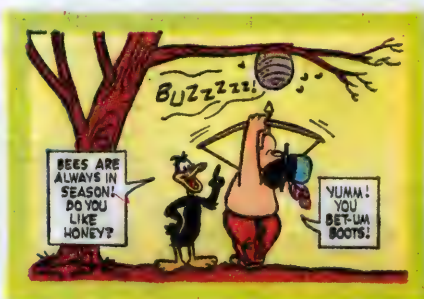
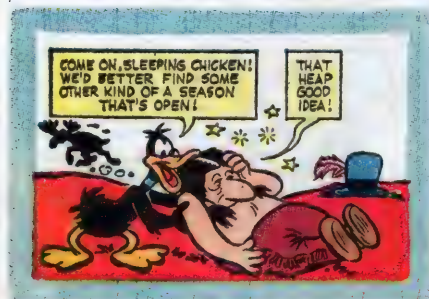
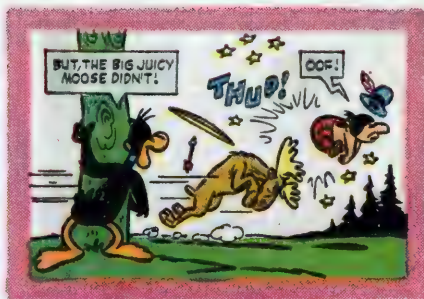
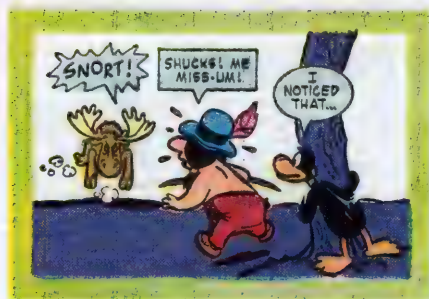




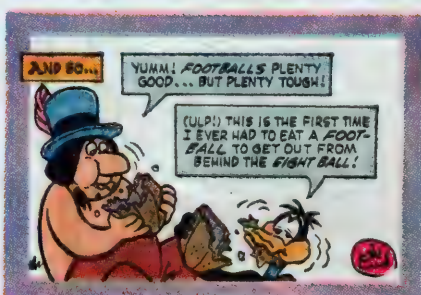
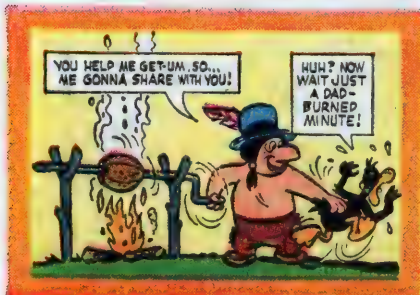
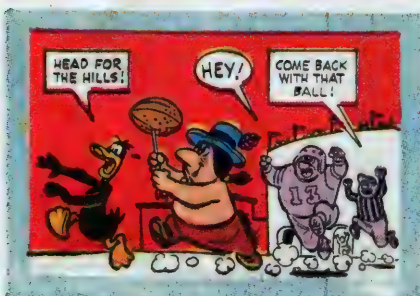
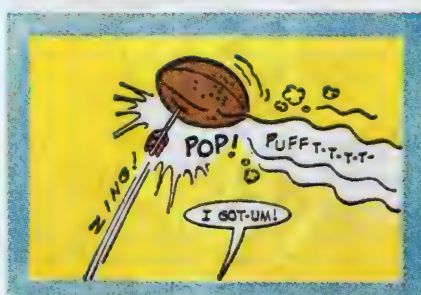
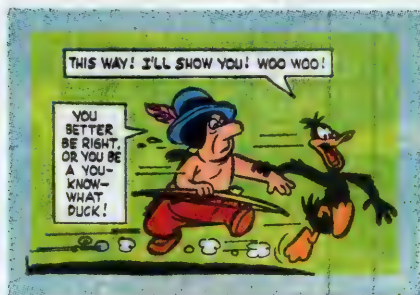








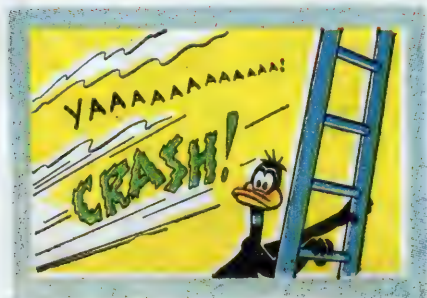
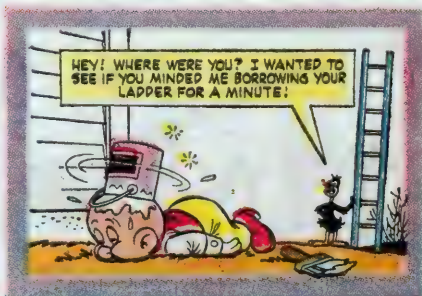






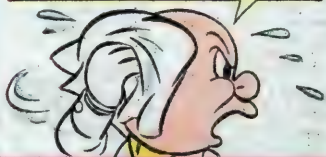
DAFFY DUCK

A  
BAD  
CASE  
OF  
LUMPS





I WAS PAINTING THE HOUSE, AND YES...I DO MIND YOU BORROWING MY LADDER... ESPECIALLY, BECAUSE I WAS ON THAT LADDER WHEN YOU TOOK IT!



THERE, THERE, LITTLE FELLOW! YOU SHOULDN'T GET SO EXCITED! LOSING THE TEMPER IS BAD FOR ONE'S HEALTH!

PANT!  
PANT!  
PANT!



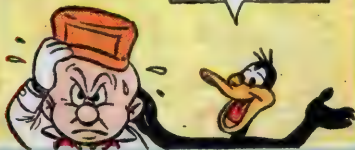
FALLING OFF THE WOOF DIDN'T IMPROVE MY HEALTH ANY, YOU KNOW!

TUT, TUT! THERE YOU GO AGAIN! YOU MUST LEARN TO RELAX!



(PUFF! PUFF!) MAYBE YOU'RE WIGHT!

OF COURSE I AM! COME ON...I'LL HELP YOU CALM DOWN AND LEARN A LITTLE SELF-CONTROL!



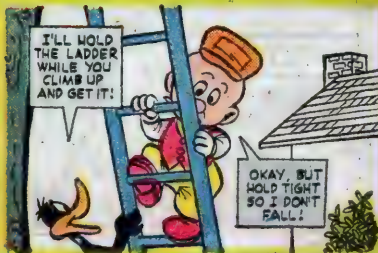
I NEEDED YOUR LADDER TO GET MY KITE OUT OF THE TREE! WE'LL TAKE IT DOWN, AND YOU CAN HELP ME FLY IT!

SWELL! KITE FLYING IS A KEEN WAY TO RELAX!



I'LL HOLD THE LADDER WHILE YOU CLIMB UP AND GET IT!

OKAY, BUT HOLD TIGHT SO I DON'T FALL!



THERE WE GO... IT'S FWEE!

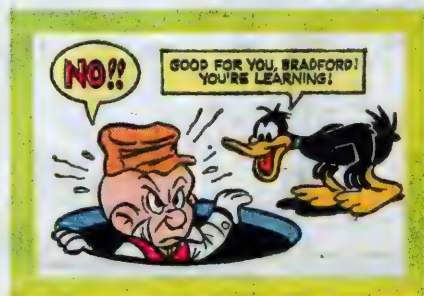
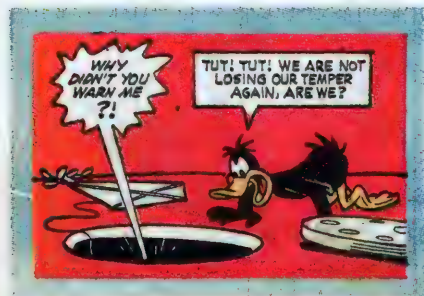
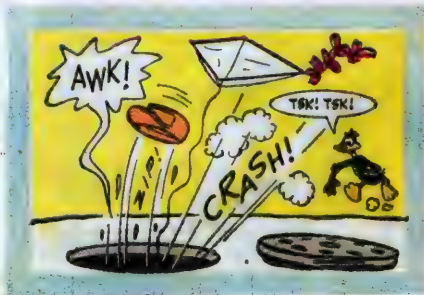
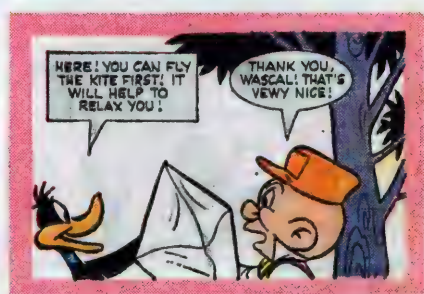
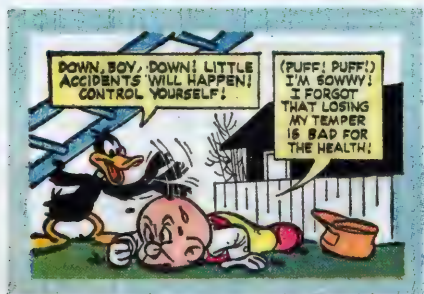
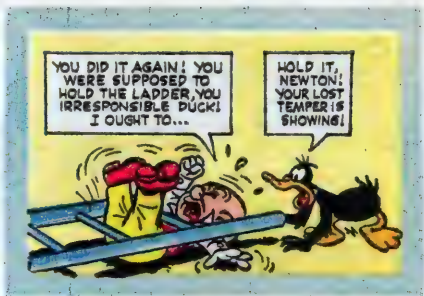
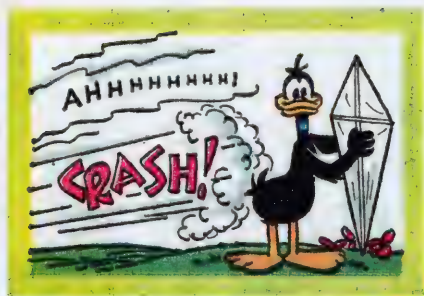
OH, BOY!



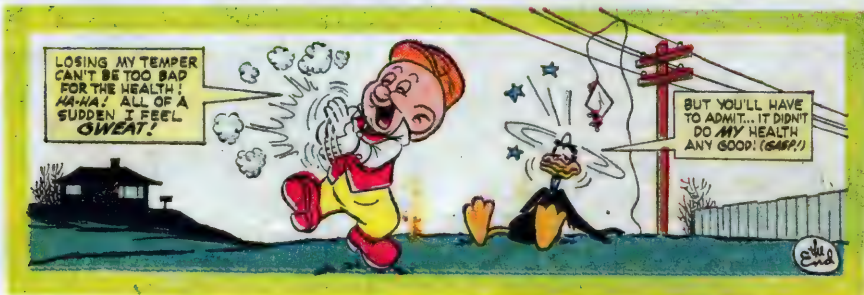
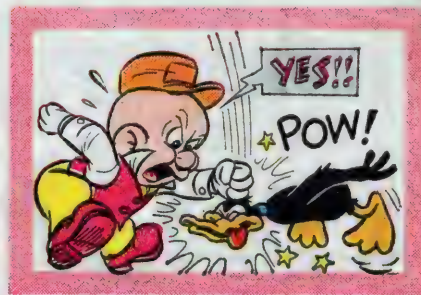
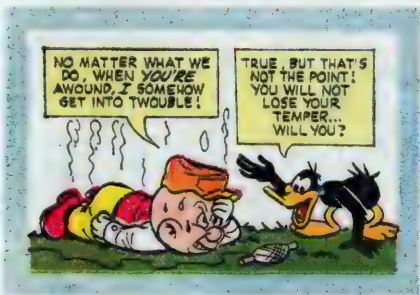
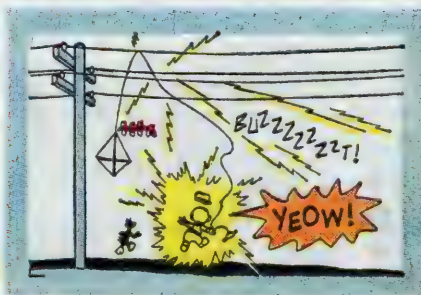
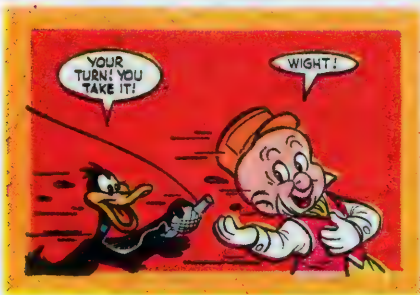
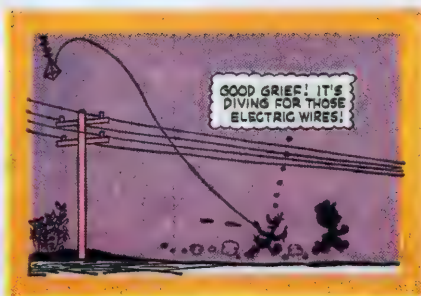
I'VE GOT IT! I'VE GOT IT!





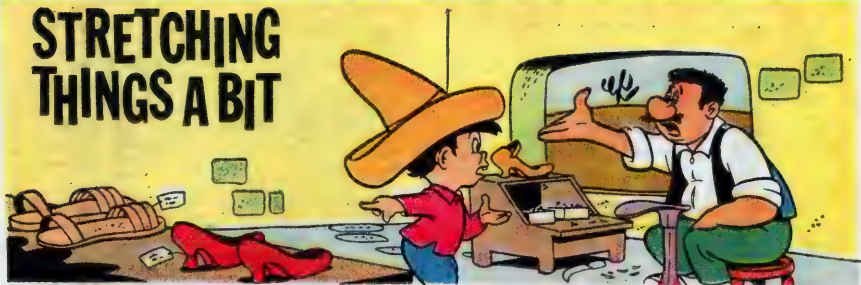








# STRETCHING THINGS A BIT



"Why are you so sad, Señor Cobbler?" asked little Pancho Vanilla, as he entered the cobbler's shoeshop.

"Ah, Pancho," sighed the old man, "the señora from the big rancho must have her new shoes finished in time for the fiesta tonight. If I do not have them for her, she weel rage like the bool, and everyone weel theenk I am the failure."

"But you are a great shoemaker, surely you can do thees," Little Pancho replied.

"A shoemaker, yes, but a miracle man I am not," he replied. "The señora wants her new shoes to be small and dainty, but her feet are as big as your papacito's!"

"Eet ees no wonder you are so very sad," Little Pancho Vanilla exclaimed. "Such a shoe must be very hard to make!"

"That part ees not so difficult, my little friend, for the señora is nearsighted, and she cannot see the shoes once they are on her feet. The problem is that the shoes must look small in her hands. Ah, but I have solved that by a secret formula I discovered several years ago."

"You have?" Pancho was amazed.

"You see, after the shoes are finished, the formula is applied and it makes them very stretchy, and they can be shaped on forms to fit her feet. When the shoes are removed from the forms, they spring back small, and the señora is happy with them."

"Then, hurry, Señor Cobbler! You have time to finish her shoes," Pancho urged.

"The shoes are finished, but the forms I use have been stolen and I cannot stretch the shoes," the cobbler lamented.

"Let me have them," Pancho excitedly interrupted. "I guarantee they weel be back in time for the fiesta and they weel fit."

"You mean you know where you can find

forms large enough?" the old man asked in desperation. "Good! When you find them be sure to pour the magic-elastic formula over the shoes as soon as you have them on the forms," he added, handing Pancho a bottle of his wonderful invention.

"I'll do just that," Little Pancho replied, hurrying from the shoeshop.

Pancho found his father as he had left him, sound asleep in the hammock.

"Dear Papacito," thought Little Pancho, as he carefully slipped and tugged the two shoes over his father's feet, "even while you sleep you help me help my friend."

Señor Vanilla's feet were so cramped in the little shoes that they arched up in the middle, but he just snorted and did not wake up at all. Pancho gave a sigh of relief, then took the bottle of magic-elastic formula and gently poured it over the shoes. Like magic, the shoes began to stretch, and soon they were a perfect fit for Señor Vanilla's big feet.

"Señor Cobbler was sure right about his magic process," said Little Pancho as he looked at the shoes. "Now let's see what happens when I take them off."

Gently he removed the shoes from his father's feet, and sure enough, they looked dainty enough to please any señora.

Pancho quickly took the shoes back to the cobbler, and when he saw that Pancho had succeeded in finding forms large enough to stretch the shoes, he gave a shout of joy.

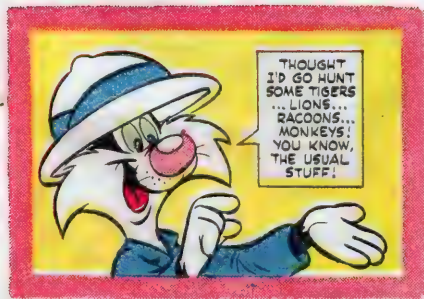
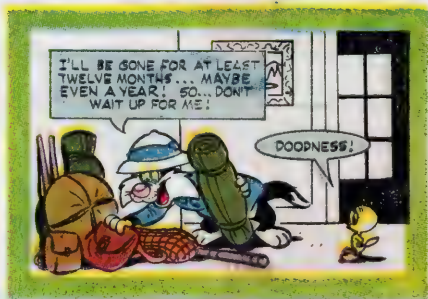
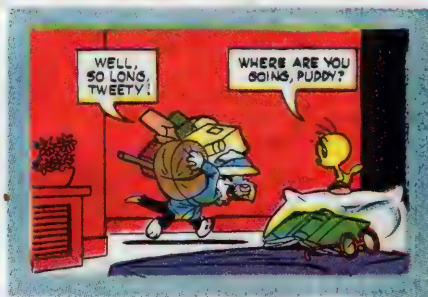
"You have saved the day!" he proclaimed. "The shoes weel be a perfect fit!"

"I am glad I could help, Señor Cobbler," Little Pancho Vanilla smiled. "But please don't ask me where I found the right forms, for if I told you, my father would be the one to have a perfect fit, too!"

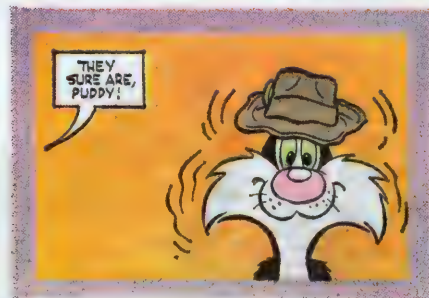
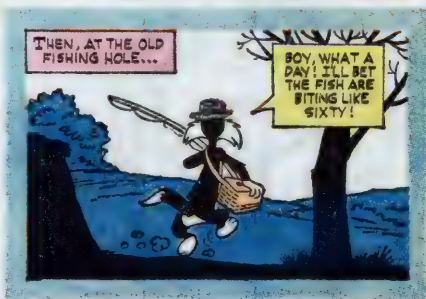
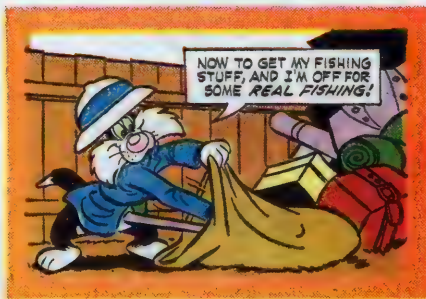
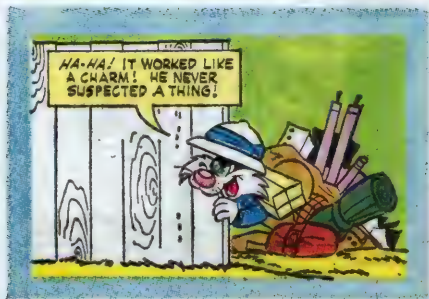
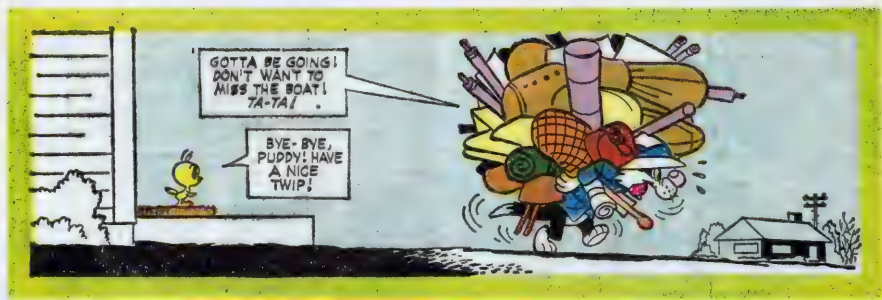


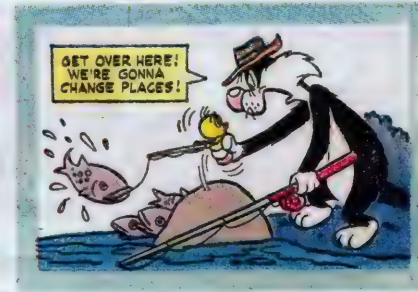
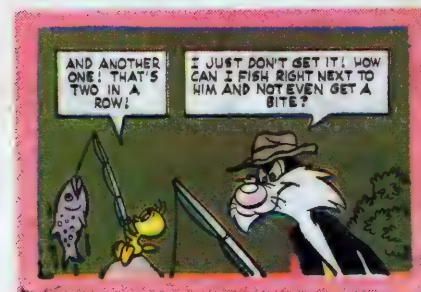
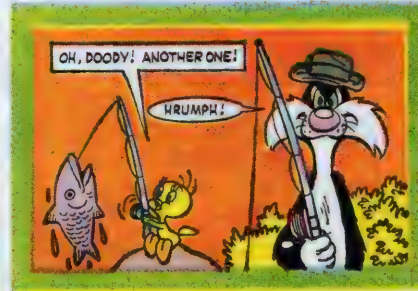
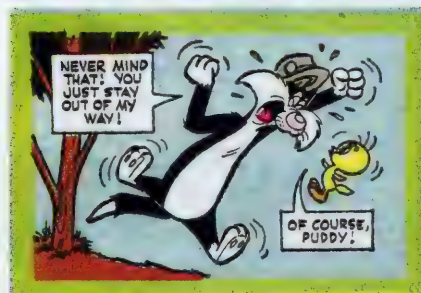
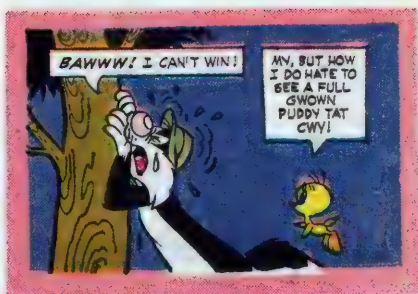
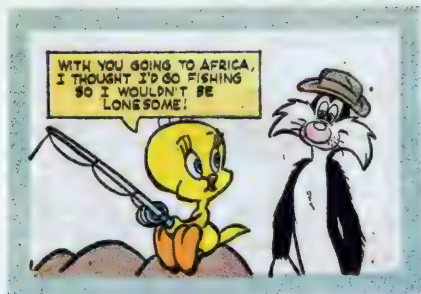
TWEETY  
and  
SYLVESTER

# The Day THE FISH WERE BITING

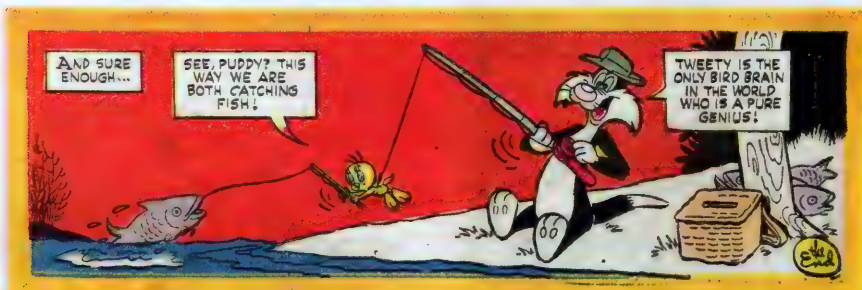
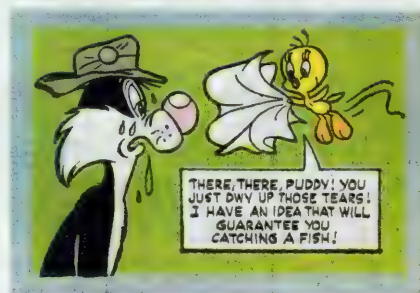
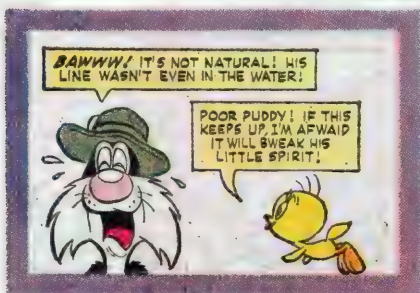
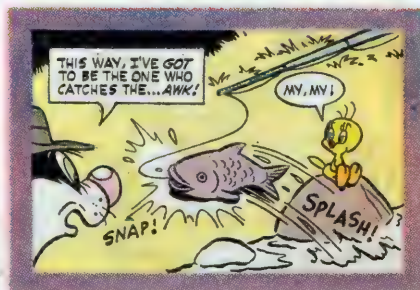
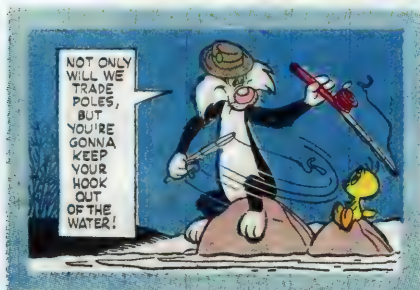
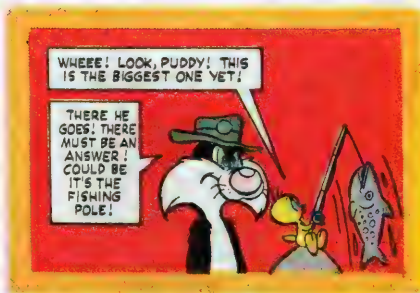
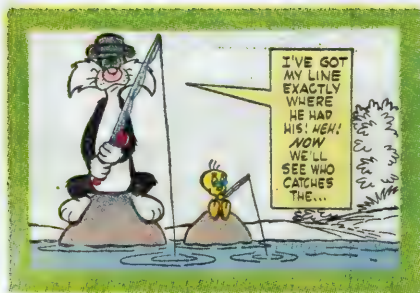






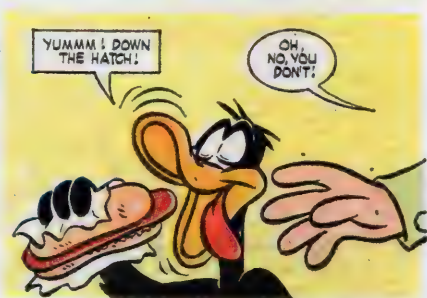
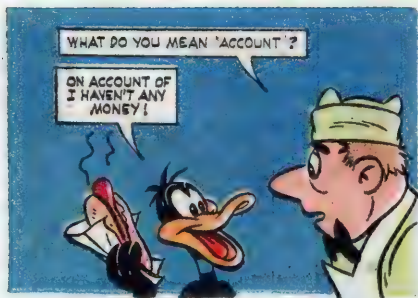




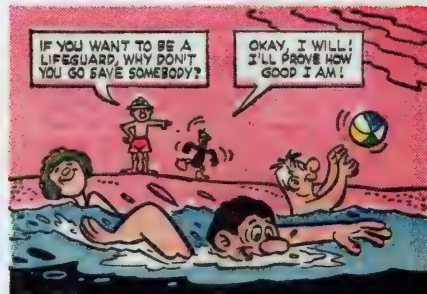
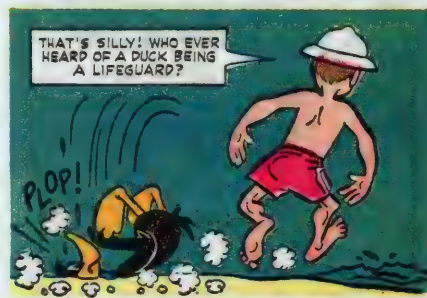
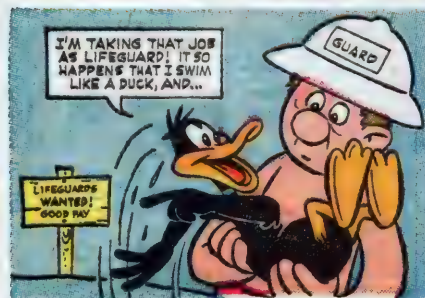
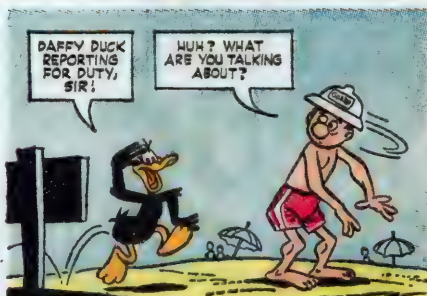
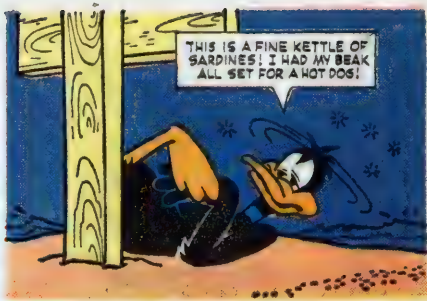


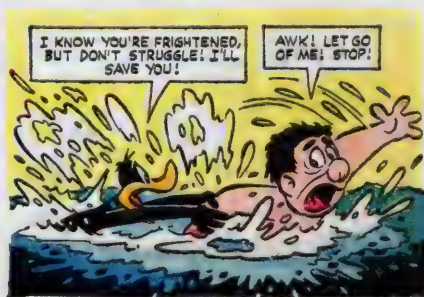
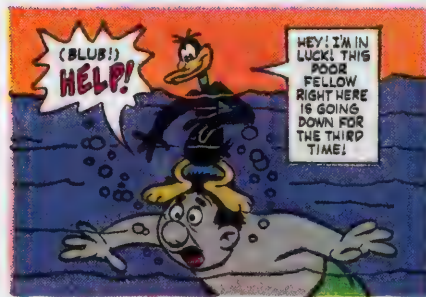
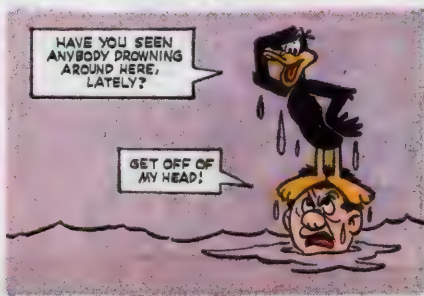
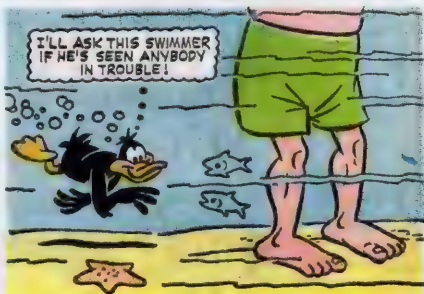
DAFFY DUCK

# ONE HOT DOG COMING UP

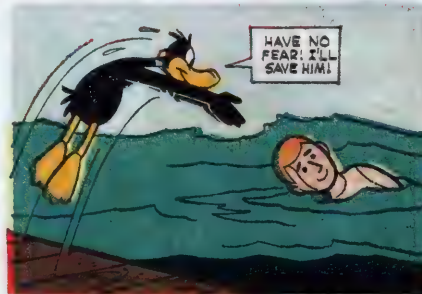
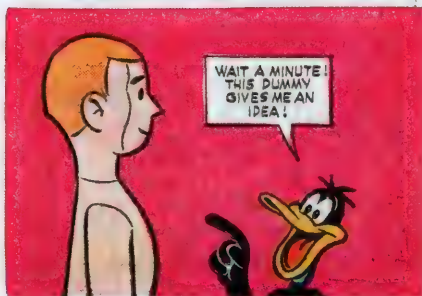
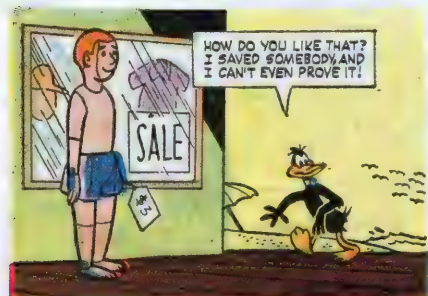
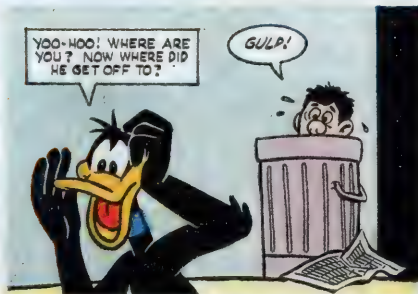
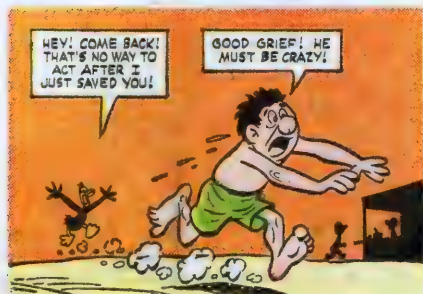
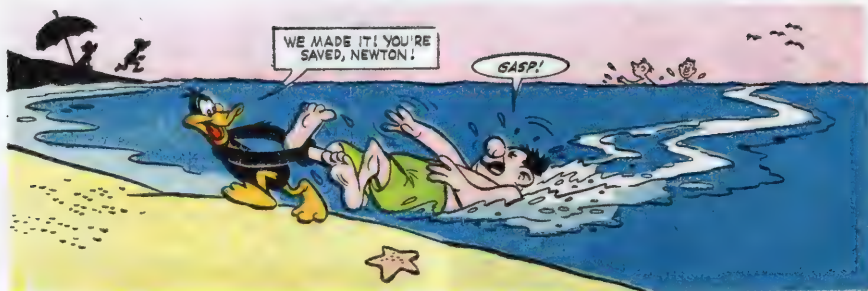


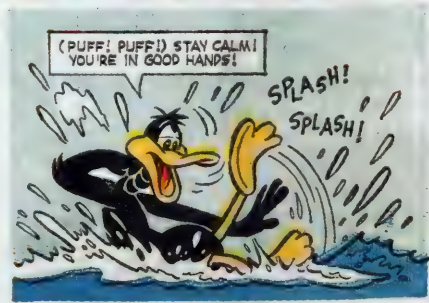
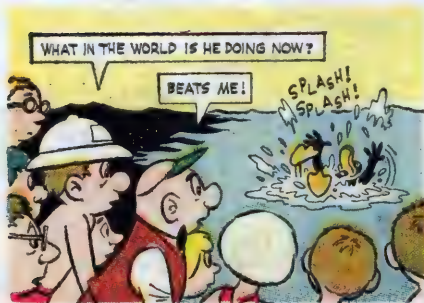
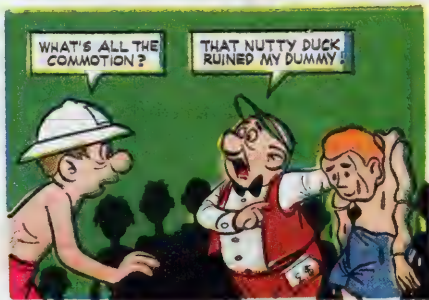
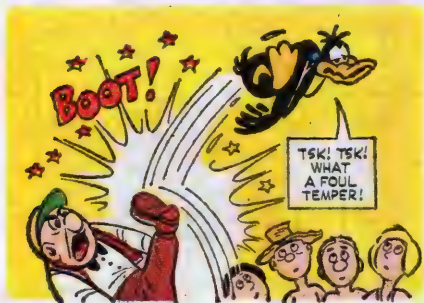
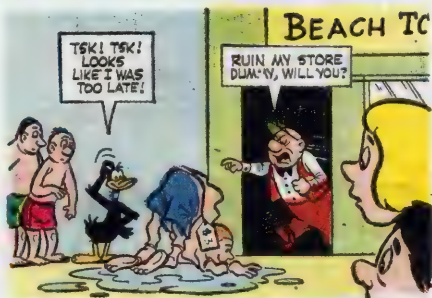
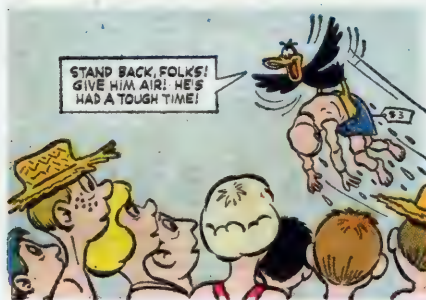
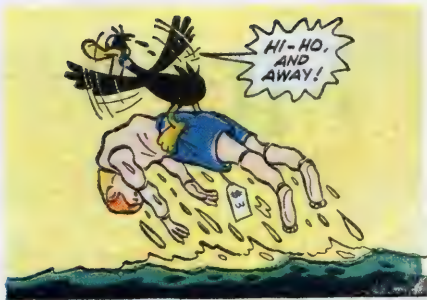
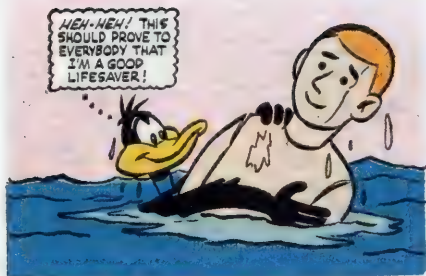




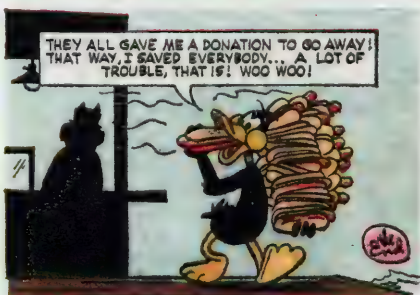
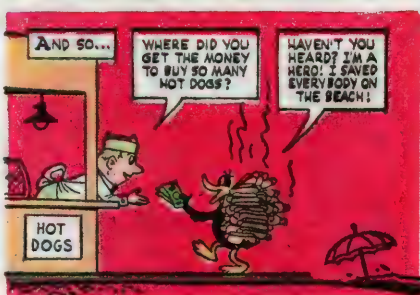
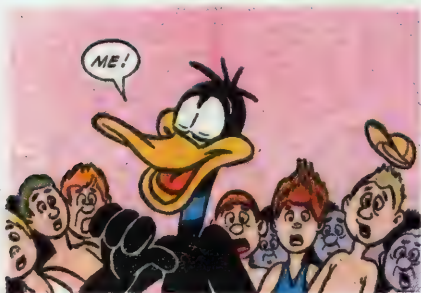
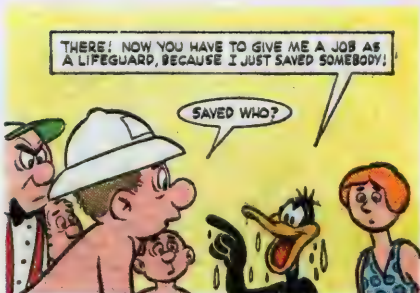
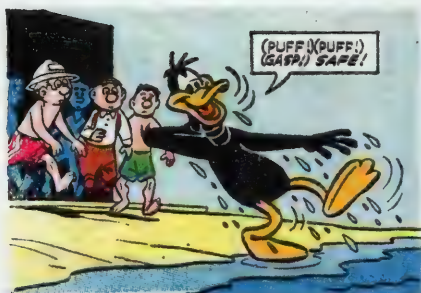




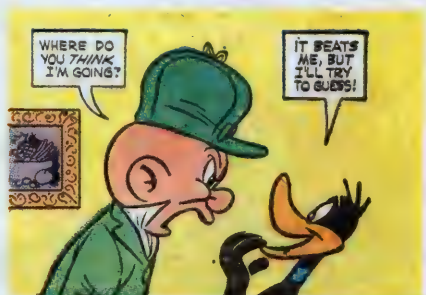
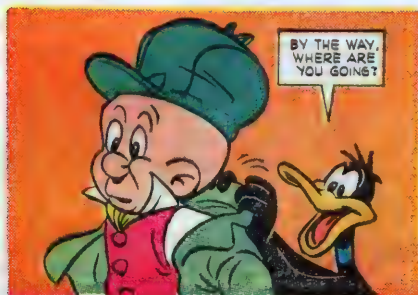
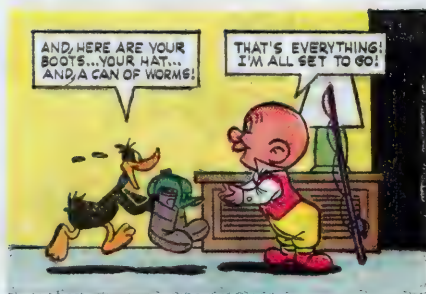




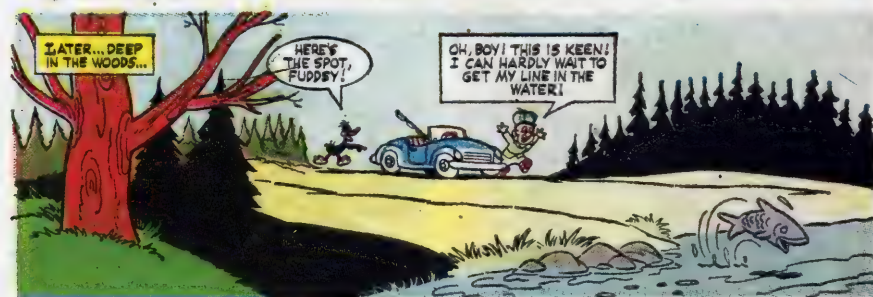
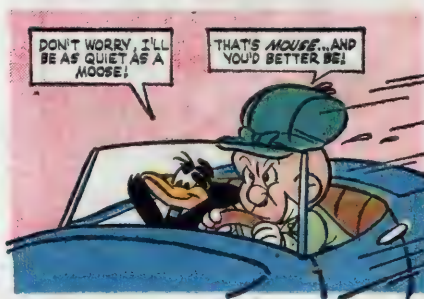
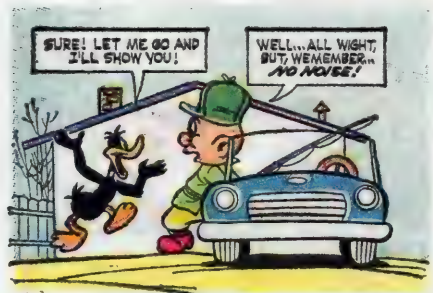
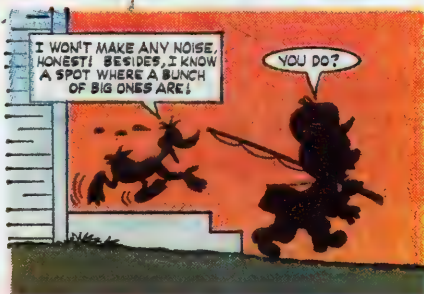
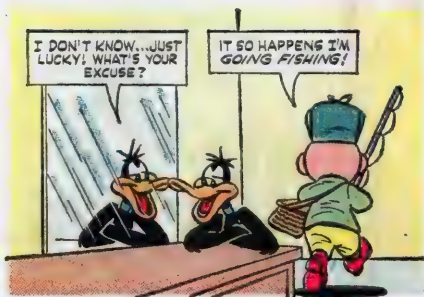
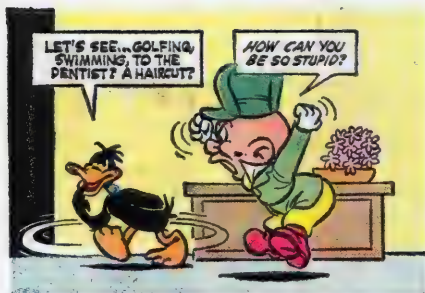


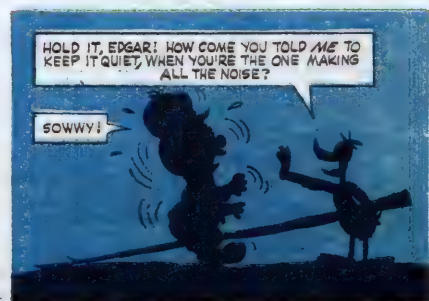
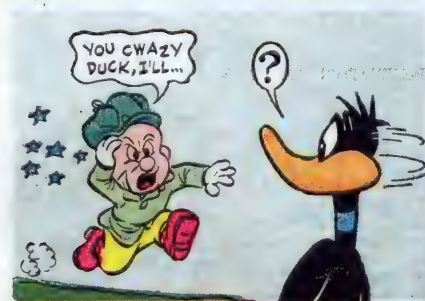
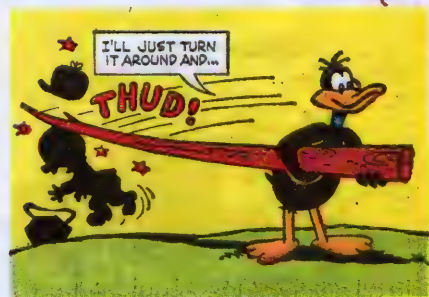
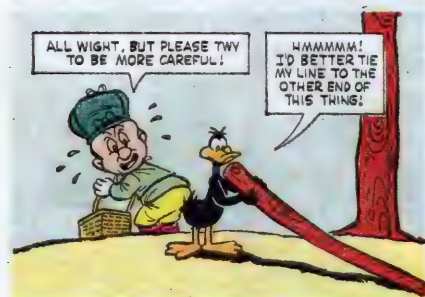
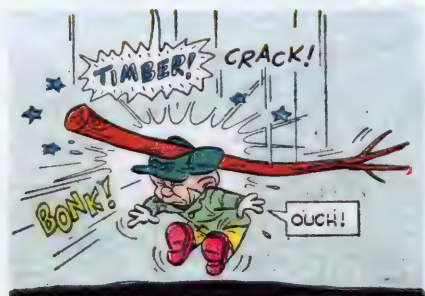
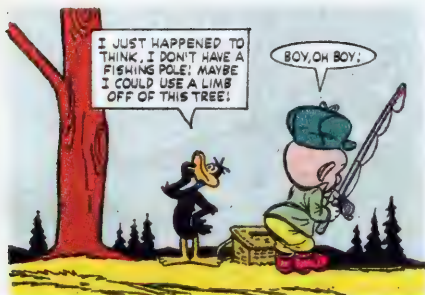


# DAFFY DUCK HAVING A QUIET- TYPE RIOT

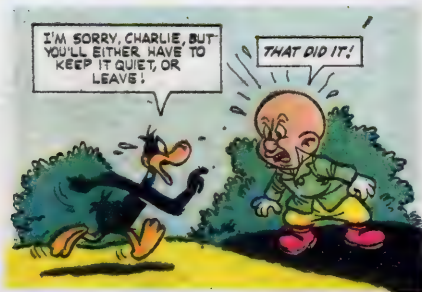
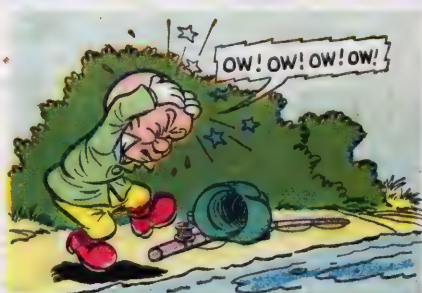
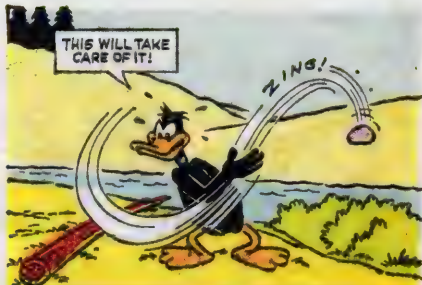
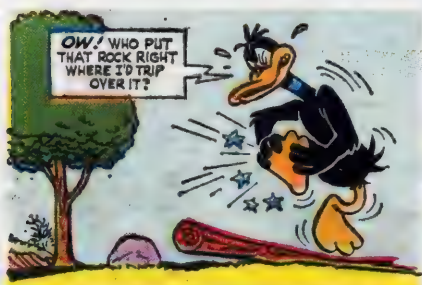


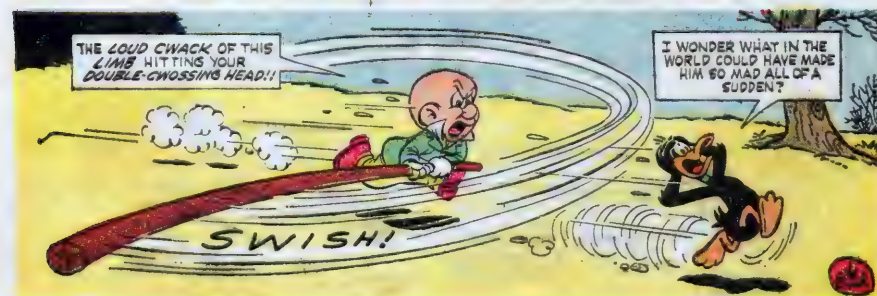
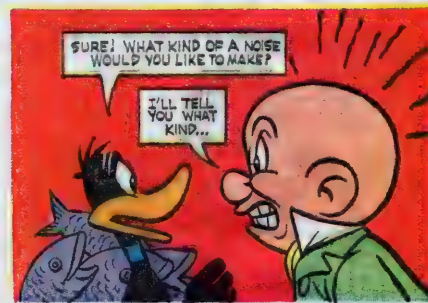
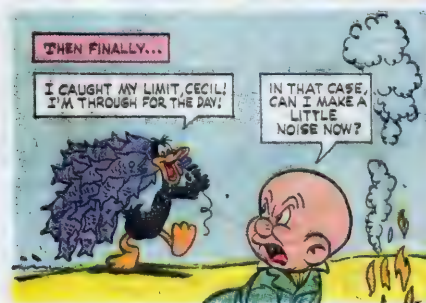
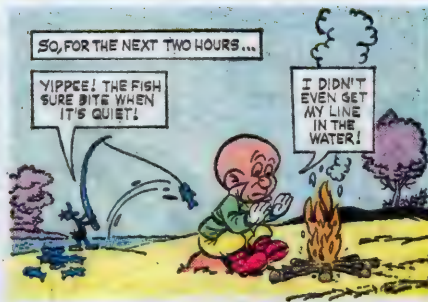
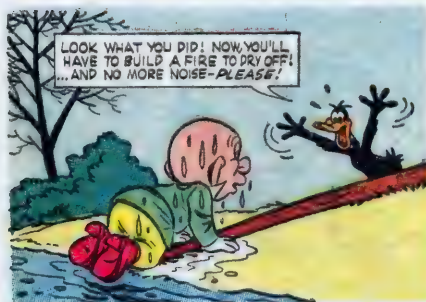
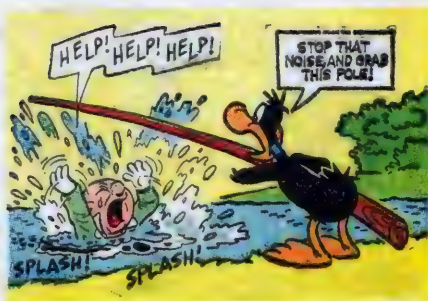
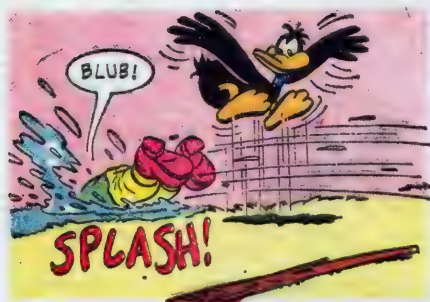




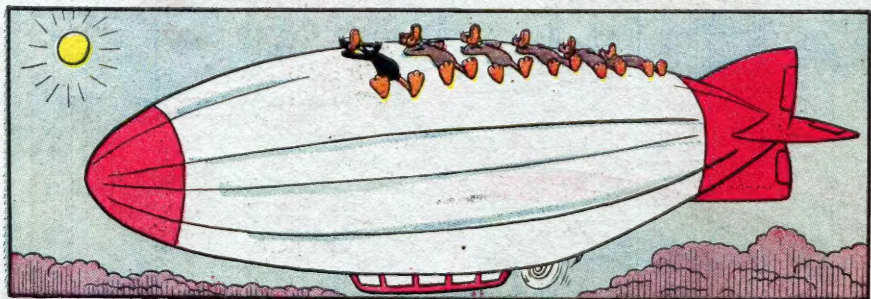
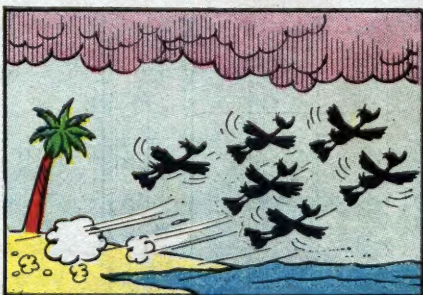
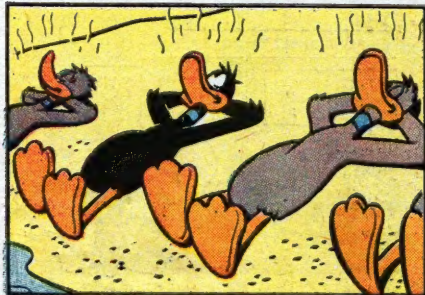
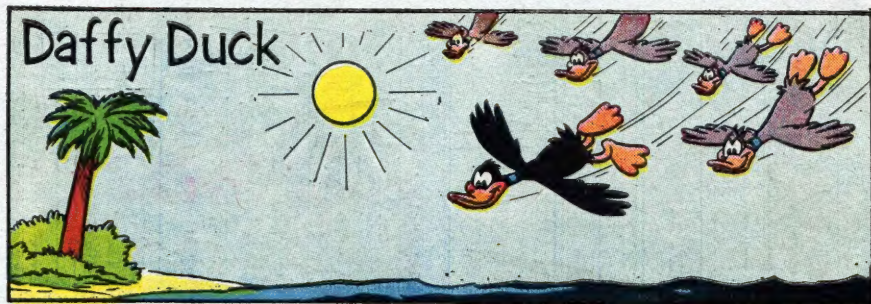




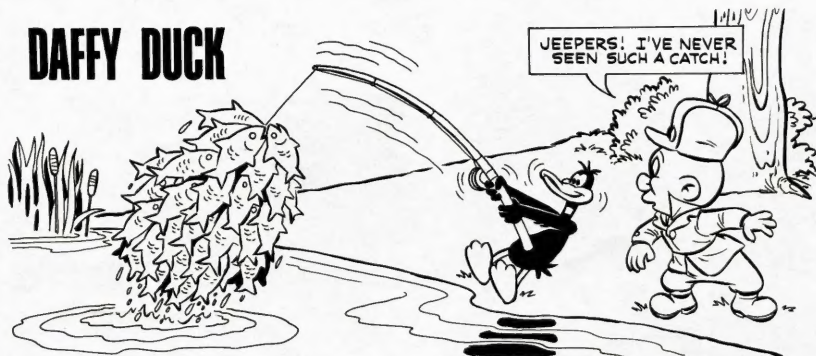








# DAFFY DUCK







Your favorite comics can be found in  
TheLongBox

